

# The World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.  
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.  
RALPH PULITZER, President, 53 Park Row.  
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 53 Park Row.  
Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.  
Subscription Rates: For the United States and Possessions, \$5.00 per Annum in Advance; For Foreign, \$7.50 per Annum in Advance.  
One Year, \$5.00; Six Months, \$3.00; Three Months, \$1.50.  
VOLUME 52, NO. 18,416

## THE POTATO TARIFF.

WHILE The Evening World blames Edwin Markham for discouraging agriculture with his poem, "The Man With the Hoe," and has put the potato famine up to him, it realizes that the situation calls for action, not reproaches. Since this newspaper began to agitate, action has been undertaken. Congressman Stephen B. Ayres of the Bronx district sends us a copy of this resolution:

Whereas the scarcity of potatoes in the markets of the United States has raised the price to a point almost prohibitive to the consumers thereof; therefore be it  
Resolved, That the operation of paragraph 285 of Schedule G, of the act generally known as the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act, approved Aug. 5, 1909, be suspended for a period of six months from the date of the approval of this resolution, and that during that time potatoes be imported free of duty.  
A good resolution to pass. There is a short potato crop in the world, and our own yield of 292,737,000 bushels is nearly 100,000,000 bushels short of 1909's.  
As Secretary Wilson has noted, 15,000 tons of potatoes were lately shipped from Scotland for this city's market. Every bushel paid a tariff tax of twenty-five cents. The tax should be taken off. In times of plenty here it is without effect. In times of dearth it gives the local producer a form of "protection" that is extortion. It makes the consumer victim of a squeeze, using the Government to intensify famine instead of mitigate it.  
The reciprocity agreement with Canada, which imposes a tax of twenty cents a bushel, put potatoes on the free list before the famine was sighted and Congress passed it. It should pass the Ayres resolution and suspend the potato tariff.

## FROM THE WORLD TOWER.

IF there is one of anything in this town there are several. That is a consequence of possessing five million inhabitants. Instead of having one village character here an edict of expulsion directed against such would cause another Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Instead of having one Mayor, this town has about twenty—Mayors of the Bowery, Cherry Hill, Poverty Hollow and the like, many of them keepers of saloons or devoted patrons of the same.  
The Evening World was amazed when the laundry strike was called to learn there were at least 45,000 persons who wash and iron shirts here—a veritable "wash-tub city," as this column called it. We were edified to learn that a local union had been formed with a membership of 300, composed of men who bake sweet potatoes in sidewalk ovens. It was astonishing to read in a contemporary that there were 22,000 nurses in this city, and 7,000 of them idle because of the excessive good health prevailing.  
The romance of statistics discloses other aggregates. This port has a total water front of 444 miles, equal to the distance between here and Roanoke. Our streets have a mileage of 3,740, or just the distance between here and London. There is \$12,000,000 in copper in the wires beneath our pavements. There are 2,800,000 trees in our parks. Ten million pounds of food a day are consumed here. The town rejoices in 100 theatres, 1,300 churches and about 10,000 saloons.  
Figures of last year show 215 respectable hotels here with 52,877 rooms and 41,925 servants. The municipality spends \$1,208,815.14 for forage and horseshoeing. According to the infallible Morning World "nearly five hundred tons of babies are born in New York every year."  
That double paradox which people call "little old New York" is poorly served in that it has an official entomologist, but not an official statistician to get all these things tabulated.

## "THE MEANEST MAN."

LIKE the age of Ann, the question as to who is "the meanest man" is theme of unending dispute. Three official answers were rendered here last week. A magistrate called a pick-pocket who had robbed a factory girl of her purse "the meanest prisoner ever arraigned." A police official called a palmer "the meanest of swindlers." A judge called a contractor who had stolen meat from the insane asylum "the meanest of all grafters."  
Not all these verdicts could be true. In fact, none was true. The more convincing grades of meanness are not on exhibition in the criminal courts and never come in view of the police. Downright meanness takes no chances. Calculation is one of its ingredients. The man who runs afoul of the police is the man who has taken a chance. Look rather for meanness to the civil courts, to the cases of boarders who jump their bills, of women who cheat domestic servants of their pay, of families quarreling over the apportionment of chattels when the estate of a decedent is administered.  
For superlative meanness eschew the ceremony of any courts, criminal or civil. Seek in the humble walks of private life. The meanest man in Maine, according to a village tradition, gave his half-witted son a cent a day for hoeing potatoes, abstracted the coin from his trousers every night while he slept and used it to reward his services for the following day. That was a very mean man, if legend speaks truly, who crossed his honeybees with fireflies so they would work all night. Those are terribly mean men—celebrated in the news columns from time to time—who live under the same roof with wife or sister or brother for a dozen years or more and never break silence.  
There must, however, be men still meaner. Perhaps our readers can suggest instances.

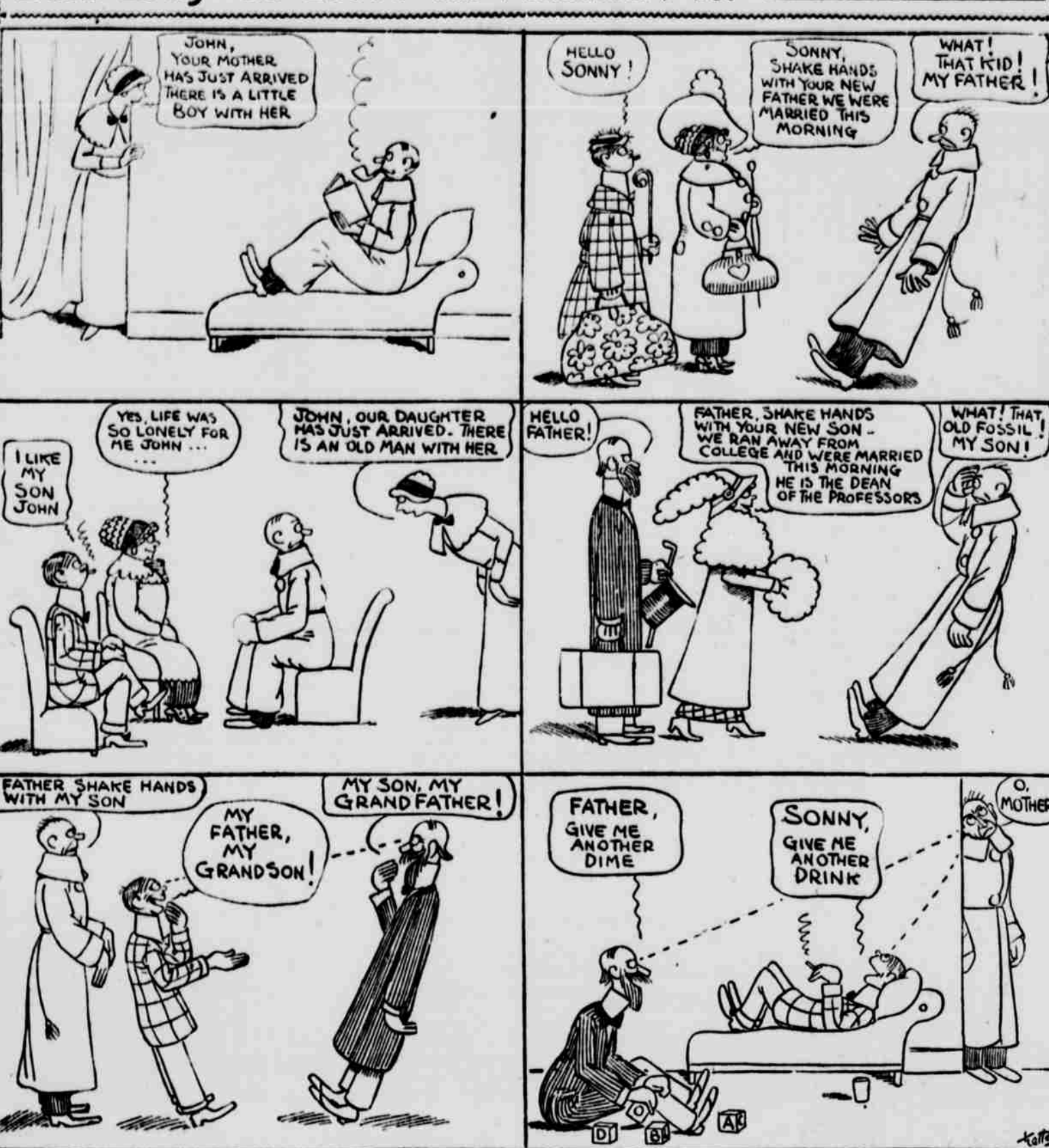
## Letters from the People

None Universally Observed.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is there a legal holiday in the United States or not?  
G. H.  
Life on a Training Ship.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Can any experienced reader give me particulars as to the admissions to the training ship Newport and the sort of life and work on board? I would like to send my son there. ROBERT S. J.  
To Superintendent of Cooper Union.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
To whom can one apply for full information about admission to Cooper Union?  
M. S. J.

# The Day of Rest

(Copyright, 1912, by The Free Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).)

By Maurice Ketten



# Intimate Chats With Women

(Copyright, 1912, by The Free Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).)

By Mme. Legrande

**INDIVIDUALITY.**  
If you want something very odd in jewelry there are two or three shops in New York where you're sure to get it. You go to one of them and make known your desire.  
Most likely the man will open a safe and say:  
"We always keep our choice odd bits in here, you know."  
Then he will display to your ravished eyes a number of pieces one more wonderful than the other and all of different designs.  
"Besides the exquisite workmanship," he will tell you, "the great value of this jewelry lies in the fact that there is only one of each design—and no copies will be made."  
In the thought that you will possess something that no other woman will have you purchase the article that appeals to you most strongly. Yet with that bit of metal that is to be hung about your neck or clasped around your wrist your individuality ends.  
WILL you tell me why a woman who tips the beam at goodness—knows what and puts her muffs over the dial of the weighing machine when people are around will persist in wearing on the street a skirt that is shy about four yards of material and that gives her the appearance of a suddenly inflated diving Venus?  
"Because it's the fashion," you say. Will you tell me why a girl thin to the point of emaciation, instead of wearing fluffed clothes that fill out and soften, adopts a much shrunken model of that same skirt and looks like a sure thing for some kind doctor to take in hand?  
"Why, because it's the fashion." An actress comes from abroad. She is pretty, young, shameless and successful. She introduces a kind of hat. Immediately the lady with the round, fat face, the lady with the square, lean face, the lady with the thin, wrinkled face and the lady with the cascade of chains all rush to their milliners, have it copied, and wear it.  
AND it's not only in clothes. Women on a matter how tight and high collars may happen to be at the moment. If you have a thin neck with prominent bones and tendons, wear a high collar even if every one else is appearing in modified décolleté. Dress your hair to suit your face. Buy your hats to suit your hair—not because some saleswoman tells you that it's the "latest thing."  
Call a halt on this wholesale copying and be as individual as your pocket-book and your good taste will allow.

# Schooldays

Follow the Strina!

(Copyright, 1912, by The Free Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).)

By Dwig



# The Jarr Family

(Copyright, 1912, by The Free Press Publishing Co. (The New York World).)

By Roy L. McCordell

**MR. JARR ANNEXES A PECK OF TROUBLE.**  
THERE was a stir in the gallery at the Lady Steamfitters' ball just opposite the box where Mr. Jarr was sitting with Mr. Swilgus, the wine agent, and Gertrude, the housewife, whom he had brought by his wife's command, owing to dearth of other escorts.  
"Bunch of uptown nightseers," said Mr. Swilgus. Mr. Jarr looked over to behold Mr. and Mrs. Stryver, Mrs. Mudridge-Smith and her husband and several other investigating sociologists taking their seats.  
"Great Geowillikens!" murmured Mr. Jarr, while Gertrude, levelling a forefinger that she had kept concealed upon her person up until now, remarked: "Why, it's the Stryvers and the Mudridge-Smiths!"  
"Friends of my friends is friends of mine," said Mr. Swilgus, rising. "I'll go over and ask them to join us."  
He essayed to do so, but Mr. Jarr detained him.  
"Er—er, I'll go over and um—er—explain," he stammered.  
With a set smile upon his pallid face, Mr. Jarr marched over to where the last persons he ever expected to see at the Lady Steamfitters' annual mask and civvie ball were sitting.  
"What a surprise to see you all here!" he cried with forced gaiety.  
But Mrs. Stryver, who had been indicating Gertrude with her fan to Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, seemed unconscious of his presence.  
Mr. Smith, his employer, glared sternly at him, while the beefy Stryver scowled indignantly.  
"How dare you come up to speak to my wife in a place like this!" demanded old man Smith, pompously.  
"Why, er—er, you see, it's this way," stammered Mr. Jarr. "My wife—er—you see—"  
"We see her clothes," said Mrs. Mudridge-Smith.  
But she said it to Mrs. Stryver, for both ladies appeared otherwise unaware of Mr. Jarr's presence.  
"I've heard the quotation 'The way of a man with a MAID,'" said Mrs. Stryver cuttingly, "but I never knew it was a married man's way to take his wife's maid to a downtown dance!"  
And here both ladies tittered mirthlessly.  
"You have a family, sir?" thundered Mr. Jarr's employer. "I remember this, though you forget it. But for that fact I should ask you to leave my employ as I ask you to leave my presence. Say no more!" he added, as he saw Mr. Jarr was about to speak. "Another word and you can look for another position!"  
"Let us leave this place!" remarked Mrs. Stryver, seizing and drawing her skirts around her. "I expected to be shocked, but not so dreadfully as this!"  
Mr. Jarr cast one bewildered glance around and, to his intense relief, saw Gertrude's second relay be escorted, Claude, the fireman, enter the box, on post and greet that young person and Mr. Swilgus, the wine agent, effectively.  
"I'll explain to-morrow, sir," he said huskily; and, red with rage and mortification, strode out for his hat.  
"Where's yer check?" asked the bee-line-bowed young man in the cloakroom. "I must have lost it. That's my hat, that silk one there and the black light overcoat."  
"Nuttin' doin' without de check, bo," said the obdurate young man. "Dat is," he added, "unless you hand me some sumpin'."  
"All right! Take this!" cried Mr. Jarr, all the pent up indignation and rankling injustice strengthening his good right arm.  
And he handed something to that young man that knocked him clean over the bar across the cloakroom door and into a huddled heap under the coat rack.  
Then he coolly put on his coat and hat and proceeded to depart in a white-heated state of calm.  
"Jump him, Hickey! He punched me!" gasped the cloakroom bandit as he pulled himself to his feet.  
"Me? That guy? He ain't done nuttin' to me!" cried the grizzled special policeman. "Why didn't she give the gentleman his key and his benny when he asked you like a gentleman?"  
And he stepped aside with a show of great politeness, while the doorkeeper and ticket seller whistled in wonderment as to who the new White Horse was; and the thick-set young man in the cloakroom, looking in the small mirror therein at his swollen and fast-closing eye, murmured his appreciation of the "shiner" he had received. For, as he said himself and the other attendants at the portals of the Lady Steamfitters' Ball nodded acquiescence, it was "a bawler."  
"Goin' home, sir?" asked the special policeman politely.  
"Yes," replied Mr. Jarr, "to beat my wife!"

## Here's an Industry You Didn't Know About.

AN item that seemed odd in the manifest of a steamer lately arrived from Japan and Chinese ports was this in the list of her cargo from Tientsin: Fifty-five cases of horse tails.  
As a matter of fact horse tails, or the hair thereof, are a common article of importation into this country from China and from pretty much every other country on earth. The American market gets large quantities of them from China, but more from Russia; and horse tails are imported here from every other European country and from South America, from Australia, from all around the world, says the Boston Herald. On the other hand there are more or less American horse tails exported.  
From various causes the supply of horse tails, like that of anything else, may in one country and another vary from year to year, and there may be years when the world's supply is short and years when it is plentiful, with corresponding changes in the range of prices. Horse tails have sold as low as 20 cents a pound and have sold for as much as \$2. If stocks are scarce and high in London, and ample at lower prices here, New York importers ship horse tails to London; in the contrary circumstances London importers might ship horse tails here.  
Horse tail hairs are sorted for length and color and they are used either solely or mixed with other fibres in the manufacture of various sorts of brushes and mixed with other materials in the manufacture of haircloth for various purposes.

## The May Manton Fashions

TWO materials are being so much used in this season that little girls' dresses are especially planned for them. This one is very attractive. In the illustration it is made of checked material combined with plain henriette cloth and is high at the neck, but if it is cut with a round neck and with shorter sleeves it can be made of more fancy material and become more dressy in effect. Light colored French serges are being much used, and the main portions of the dress made of that material, while the yoke and foundation skirts of velveteen would be very attractive, and various other combinations will suggest themselves at once. Clifton broadcloths are beautiful this season, and the yoke and foundation skirts could be made of that material, while the main portions might be velvet or plaid material, and there are numberless combinations that can be made.  
The dress consists of waist and skirt. The yoke, centre front and shoulder portions of the bodice are cut in one and the side portions of the blouse and the under portions of the sleeves are cut in one. These last are finished at their edges and lapped onto the shoulder portions. The upper portions of the skirt are straight. The foundation consists of bodice and skirt. The bodice and skirt are cut in one and the side portions are finished and lapped onto them.  
For the twelve-year size will be required 2 1/2 yards of plaid material 27, 2 yards 34 1/4, yards 44 inches wide, with 2 1/2 yards of plain material 27 or 34 or 44 inches wide.  
Pattern No. 7248 is cut in sizes for girls of 10, 12 and 14 years of age.  
Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, Donald Building, 10 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street, New York, or sent by mail on receipt of ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.  
IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always enclose return address. Add two cents by letter postage if in a hurry.